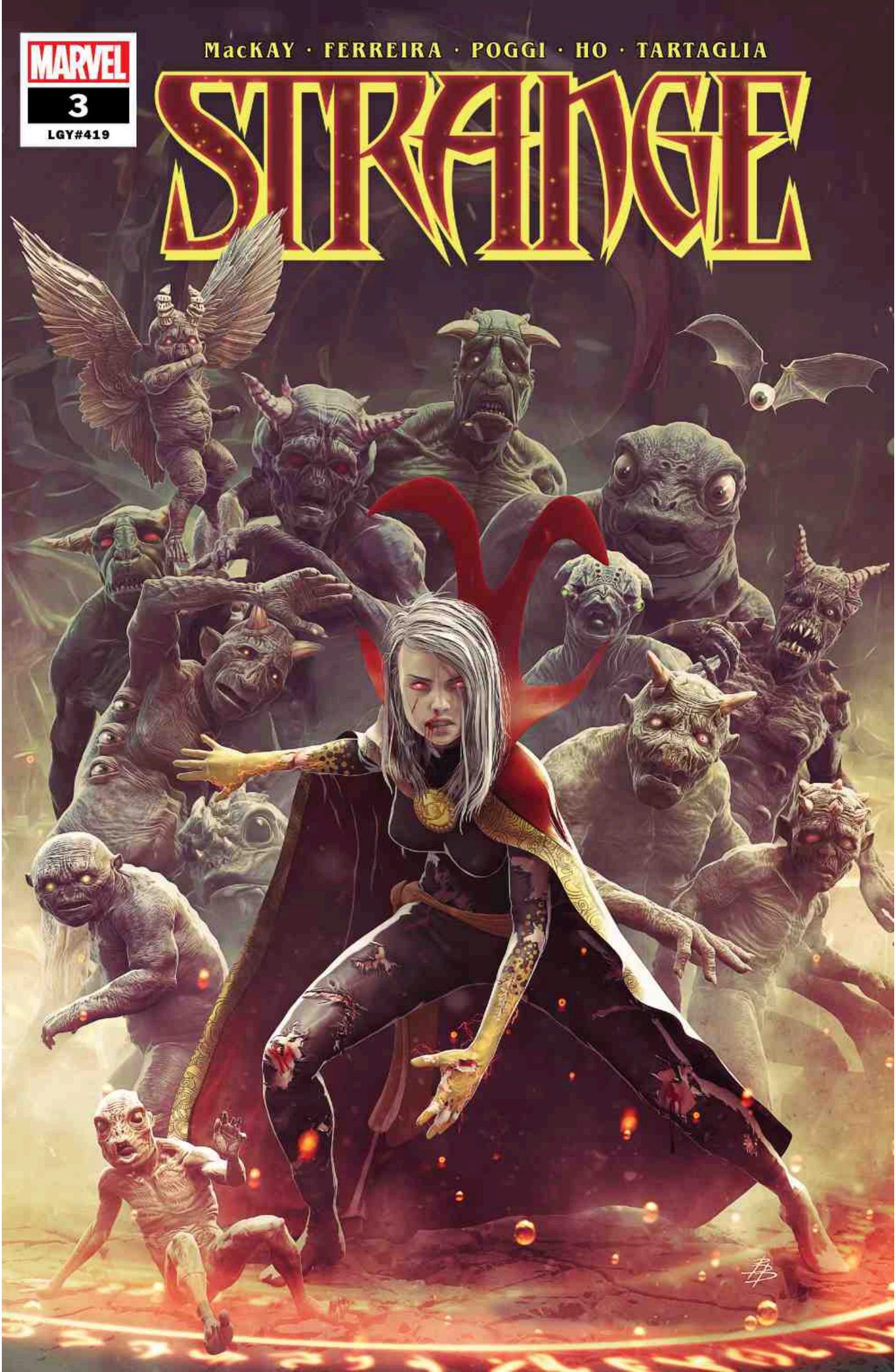
MARVEL
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LGY#419
MacKAY · FERREIRA · POGGI · HO · TARTAGLIA
STRANGE

STRANGE

A few months ago, Earth's Sorcerer Supreme, Doctor Stephen Strange, was murdered! With his death, the title and mantle of Sorcerer Supreme now belongs to his wife, Clea Strange!

This does not sit well with everyone. But Clea will not relinquish this title anytime soon, at least not until she brings Stephen back from the dead.

But new threats are forming around her: A gang called the Blasphemy Cartel is targeting innocent magical refugees. A new adversary, the Harvestman, is trying to stop Clea from resurrecting Stephen. And zombie versions of dead heroes are popping up!

And with the Cartel's massacre of a local magical bazaar, Clea has been pushed clear over the edge!

Jed MacKay
WRITER

Marcelo Ferreira
PENCILER

Roberto Poggi & Don Ho
INKERS

Java Tartaglia
COLORIST

VC's Cory Petit
LETTERING

Björn Barends COVER

Ema Lupacchino & David Curiel; Peach Momoko; Leonardo Romero & Jordie Bellaire VARIANT COVERS

Kat Gregorowicz
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Darren Shan
EDITOR

C.B. Cebulski
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DOCTOR STRANGE CREATED BY STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO

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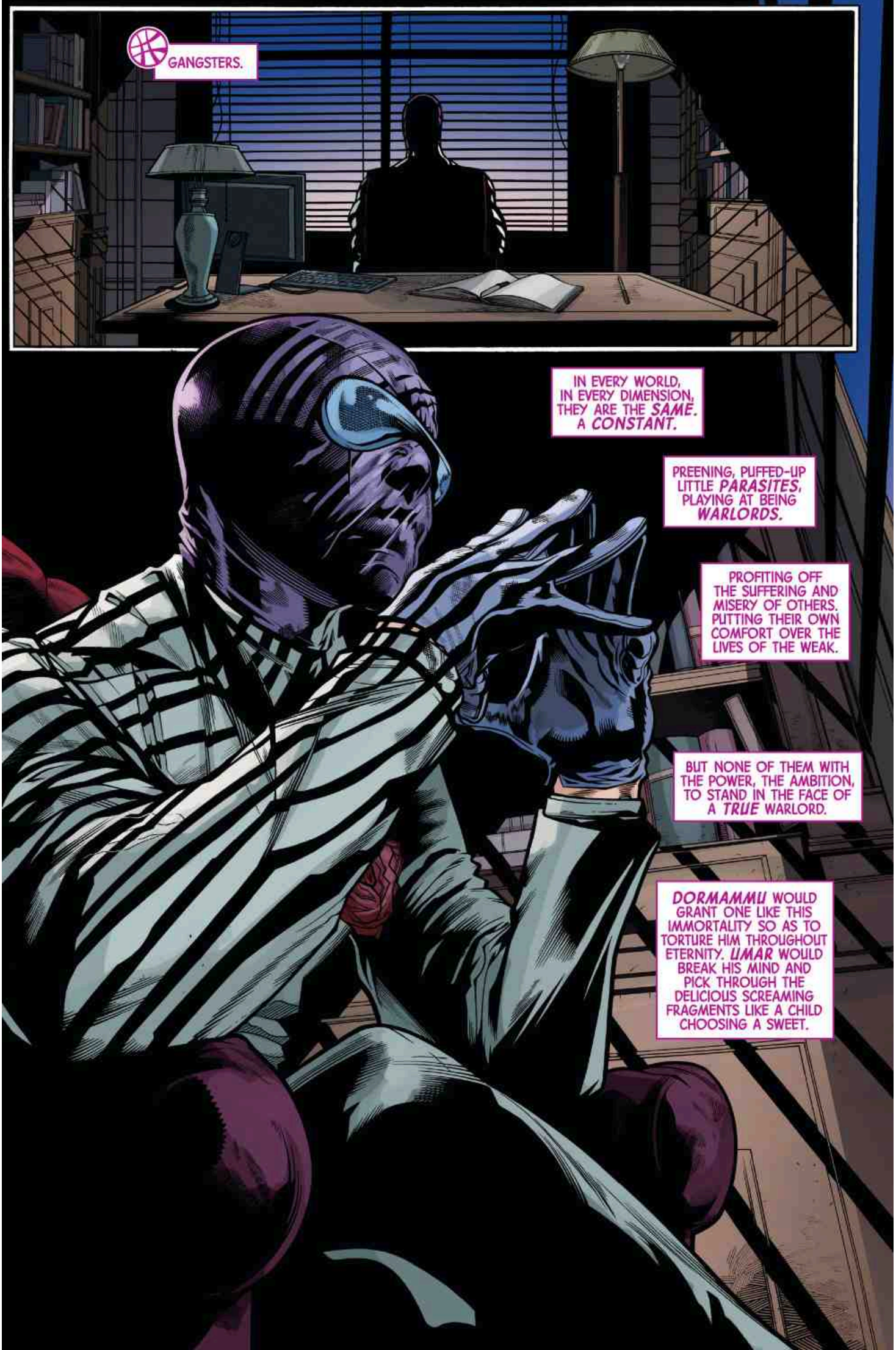
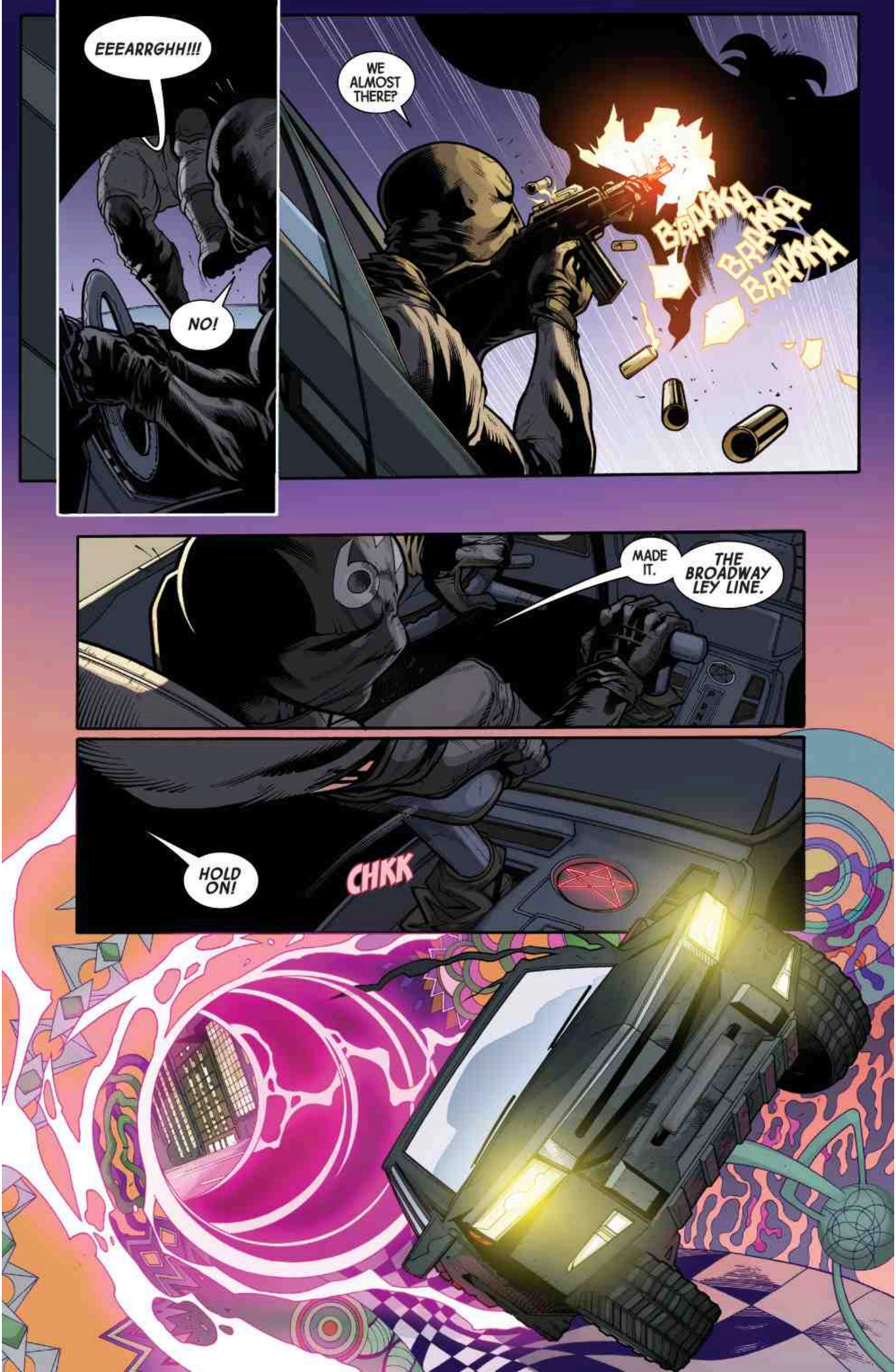

GANGSTERS.
IN EVERY WORLD, IN EVERY DIMENSION, THEY ARE THE *SAME*. A *CONSTANT*.
PREENING, PUFFED-UP LITTLE *PARASITES*, PLAYING AT BEING *WARLORDS*.
PROFITING OFF THE SUFFERING AND MISERY OF OTHERS. PUTTING THEIR OWN COMFORT OVER THE LIVES OF THE WEAK.
BUT NONE OF THEM WITH THE POWER, THE AMBITION, TO STAND IN THE FACE OF A *TRUE* WARLORD.
DORMAMMU WOULD GRANT ONE LIKE THIS IMMORTALITY SO AS TO TORTURE HIM THROUGHOUT ETERNITY. *UMAR* WOULD BREAK HIS MIND AND PICK THROUGH THE DELICIOUS SCREAMING FRAGMENTS LIKE A CHILD CHOOSING A SWEET.

I WONDER WHAT I WILL DO TO HIM?
THE ROSE, I TAKE IT?
I THINK YOU ALREADY KNOW THAT.
JUST AS YOU KNOW THAT WALKING INTO MY OFFICE UNBIDDEN IS TANTAMOUNT TO SUICIDE.
TELL ME, DEAD WOMAN: WHAT DID THEY CALL YOU WHEN YOU WERE ALIVE?
CLEA STRANGE.
SORCERER SUPREME.
WARLORD OF MANHATTAN.

I...
I SEE.
ARE MY MEN OUTSIDE DEAD?
NO.
YOUR MEN ARE *RIGHT HERE,* LOOK.
YOU CAN'T HEAR IT, BUT THEY'RE *SCREAMING.*
WHAT DO YOU *WANT,* CLEA STRANGE?
THE BLASPHEMY CARTEL.
THEY HAVE OFFENDED ME AND I *WANT* YOU TO TELL ME HOW TO *FIND* THEM.
GANGSTER SCUM KNOWS GANGSTER SCUM.
I SEE.
THE INTERESTS OF THE CARTEL RARELY OVERLAP WITH MINE, BUT LET'S SAY, FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT, THAT I HAVE INFORMATION THAT COULD HELP YOU.
WHAT DO YOU OFFER IN *RETURN?*

IN RETURN?
I AM NIECE TO THE DREAD DORMAMMU AND DAUGHTER TO THE WARLORD UMAR.
A WARLORD DOES NOT MAKE DEALS WITH GANGSTERS AS AN EQUAL.
PERHAPS YOU WISH TO JOIN YOUR MEN?
HSSS
OR PERHAPS I WILL JUST KILL YOU.
THE PERSON I LOVE MOST IN THIS WORLD HAS BEEN REMOVED FROM IT, ROSE.
THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN THREATEN ME WITH IN THE FACE OF THAT FACT.
NOW:
THE BLASPHEMY CARTEL...

"...I WANT THEM."
BRAKKA BRAKKA
SKREEEE!
DID YOU GET HER?
JUST DRIVE!
YEAARRGHH!!!
WE LOST NOBODY 89!
HANG ON! WE'RE ALMOST THERE!


EEEARRGHH!!!
NO!
WE ALMOST THERE?
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
MADE IT.
THE BROADWAY LEY LINE.
HOLD ON!
CHKK

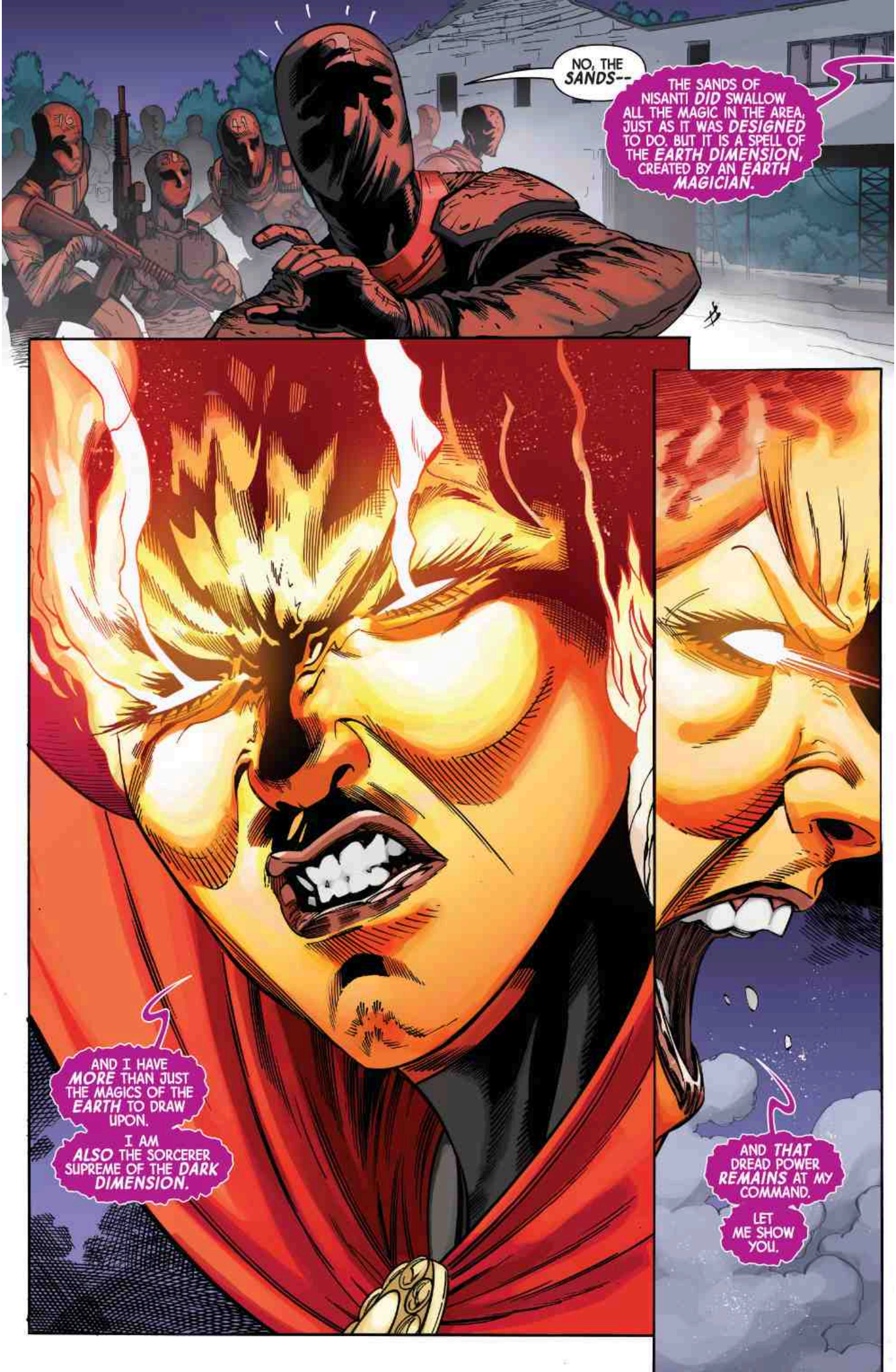
VRRRMMMMM
SKREEEE!
M-MADE IT.
THAT WAS SOME SERIOUS--
THUMP
ESCAPING ACROSS A LEY LINE.
VERY CLEVER.
BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH.
OH, I DON'T KNOW...

BLASPHEMY CARTEL FACILITY 024.
CODENAME: "OATHBROKEN."
...IT DID GET YOU JUST WHERE WE WANT YOU, SORCERER SUPREME.

GUNS.
DID YOU FORGET WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST TIME YOUR PEOPLE POINTED GUNS AT ME?
WE DID NOT.
COUNTER-MEASURE!
VRAK PAR HENSARGIN!
THE SANDS OF NISANTI.
THAT'S RIGHT.
THREE WHOLE MINUTES WITHOUT MAGIC.
AND THE CYCLIC RATE OF FIRE OF AN AR-15 IS SEVEN HUNDRED ROUNDS PER MINUTE.
THE ROSE SAYS HELLO, BY THE WAY. ENGAGE.

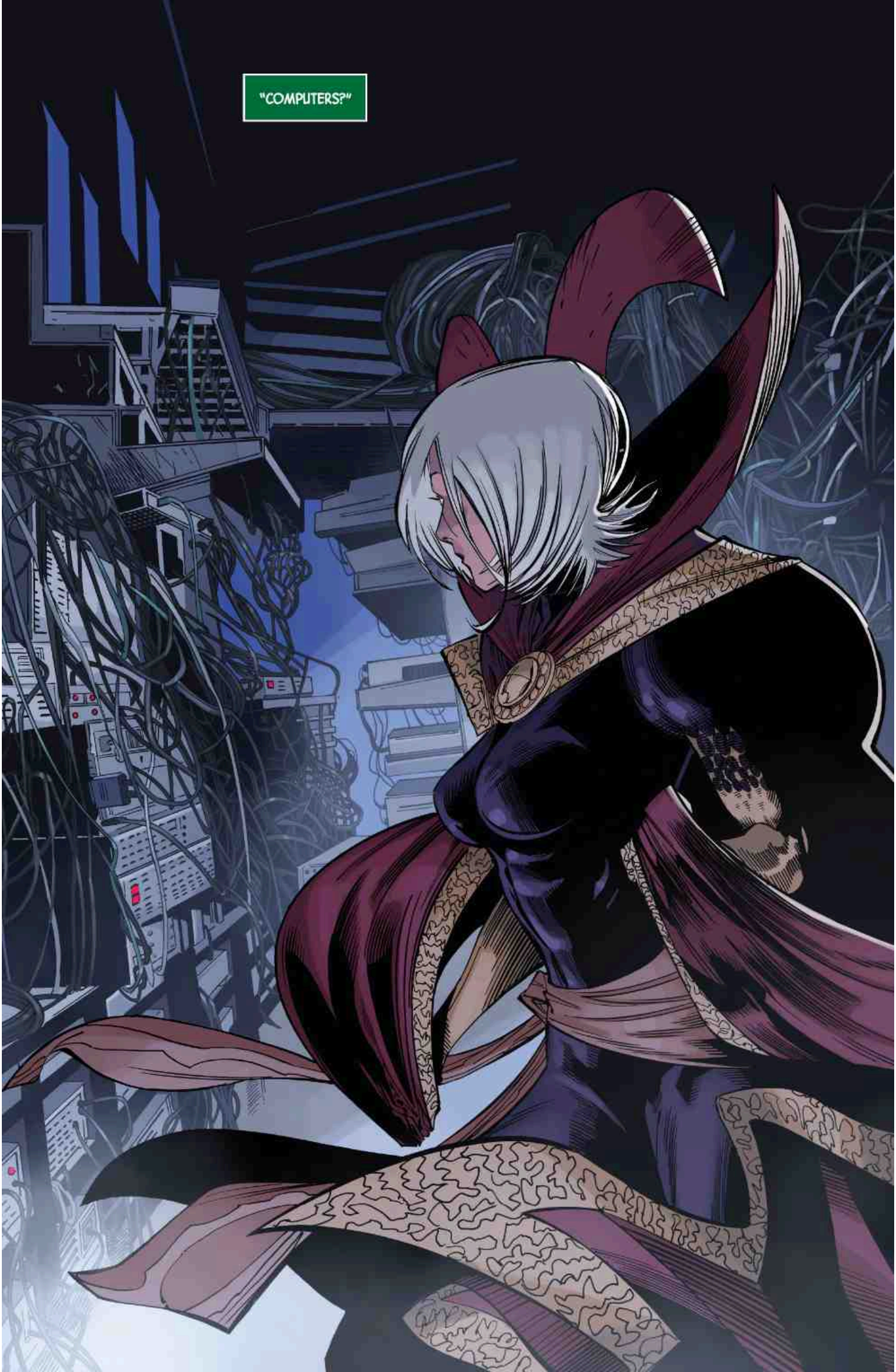
BRAKKABRAKKABRAKKA
TING TING TING
BRAKKA
KABRAKKABRAK
ALL RIGHT. LET'S SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING *LEFT* OF HER TO SCRAPE UP FOR THE *SCIENCE TEAM.*
THEY'VE BEEN WANTING TO GET A *FALTINE* SAMPLE...

YES.
FALTINE.
YOU'RE SO CLOSE TO UNDERSTANDING.

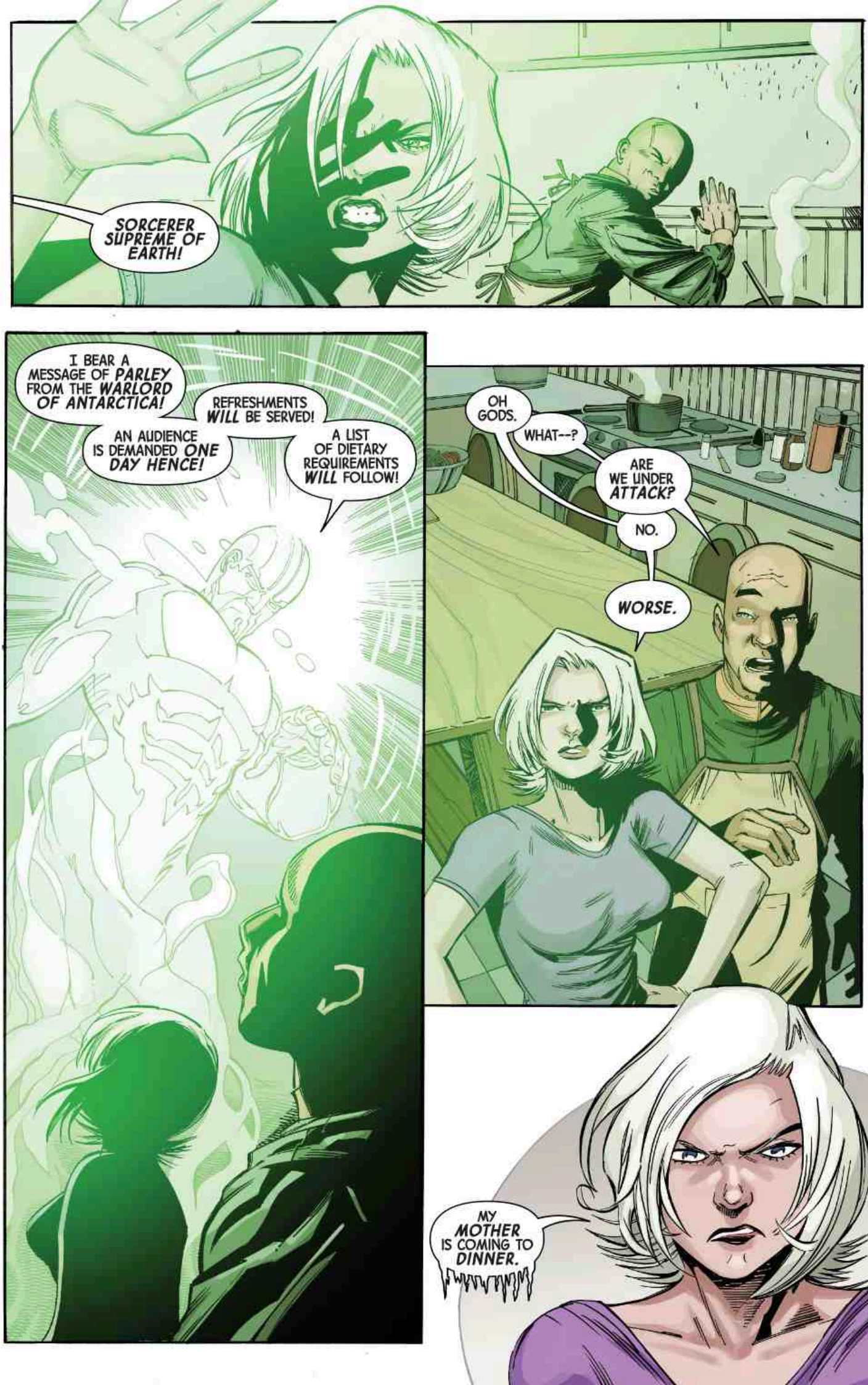

NO, THE SANDS--
THE SANDS OF NISANTI DID SWALLOW ALL THE MAGIC IN THE AREA, JUST AS IT WAS DESIGNED TO DO. BUT IT IS A SPELL OF THE EARTH DIMENSION, CREATED BY AN EARTH MAGICIAN.
AND I HAVE MORE THAN JUST THE MAGICS OF THE EARTH TO DRAW UPON.
I AM ALSO THE SORCERER SUPREME OF THE DARK DIMENSION.
AND THAT DREAD POWER REMAINS AT MY COMMAND.
LET ME SHOW YOU.

STONE PRISON OF UMAR!
AAAAAAH--
FWOOSH
KKRKK
KKKKK
KKKK

THERE.
NICE AND QUIET.
NOW...
...WHAT ARE YOU GANGSTERS GETTING UP TO HERE?
BALTHOR'S BATTERING RAM!
KRUNCH
WHAT IN ALL THE HELLS--?


"COMPUTERS?"

LATER.
THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM.
YES, WONG. COMPUTERS. RACKS OF THEM, ALL BUZZING AWAY.
NOT SOMETHING I COULD MAKE ANY SENSE OF, SO I THREW THEM ALL INTO STEPHEN'S SANCTUM MACHINA FOR NOW.
WHAT COULD THE BLASPHEMY CARTEL WANT WITH COMPUTERS?
HMM. PERFECT.
HOW SHOULD I KNOW? I AM THE SORCERER SUPREME, NOT THE TECHNOLOGIST TRANSCENDENT.
CLEA.
OH, THAT REMINDS ME.
I BROUGHT YOU ONE OF THEIR WARDS.
YOU SAID EARLIER THAT THEY SEEMED FAMILIAR TO YOU.
THIS...
"...I REMEMBER SEEING SOMETHING JUST LIKE THIS..."
...BUT IT IS AS IF THERE IS A HOLE IN MY MEMORY.
WHAT IN ALL THE WORLDS HAS DONE THIS--?


SORCERER SUPREME OF EARTH!
I BEAR A MESSAGE OF PARLEY FROM THE WARLORD OF ANTARCTICA!
REFRESHMENTS WILL BE SERVED!
AN AUDIENCE IS DEMANDED ONE DAY HENCE!
A LIST OF DIETARY REQUIREMENTS WILL FOLLOW!
OH GODS.
WHAT--?
ARE WE UNDER ATTACK?
NO.
WORSE.
MY MOTHER IS COMING TO DINNER.

BLASPHEMY CARTEL HEADQUARTERS 001.
CODENAME: "EMERALD CITY."
DAMN IT.
DIRECTOR! WE'VE LOST THE "OATHBROKEN" SITE!
HMM.
THE SORCERER SUPREME IS ESCALATING.
YES, SIR.
ORDERS, DIRECTOR NONE?

WE ARE TOO FAR ALONG IN THE PROJECT NOW TO LIE LOW AND HOPE SHE GETS BORED.
WE NEED TO MEET THE SORCERER SUPREME WITH A SHOW OF OVERWHELMING FORCE.
I WANT A FULL TACTICAL ASSAULT. HIT HER WHERE SHE LIVES, WHERE IT HURTS.
I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT A BLOODY NOSE HERE, GENTLEMEN. I'M TALKING HEADS ON STAKES. WHICH IS WHY I'M AUTHORIZING A LAZARUS AGENT FOR FIELD USE.
I WANT TO SEE A SMOKING CRATER ON BLEECKER STREET, AM I UNDERSTOOD?
TO BE CONTINUED!

NEXT:

Here Comes the Moon!

Clea's mother, Umar, comes to visit just as the Blasphemy Cartel launches their latest attack on the Sanctum Sanctorum! And this time, they bring an unlikely foe to take down the Sorcerer Supreme! Reintroducing the dark Moon Knight...Shadow Knight!

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ZONE